

[The late Maharao Vijayarajji of Kutch who was a keen naturalist and experienced sportsman, once related what purported to be an eye-witness account of a panther killing a full grown camel in Kutch—an occurrence apparently not too uncommon in those parts. When near a browsing camel, the panther lay down and commenced rolling on the ground. The rustling of the leaves attracted the camel's attention and it came closer to investigate the strange turmoil. The panther, partly covered by the leaves, continued to roll about slowly till the camel's curiosity caused it to lower its head and bring it still closer. When within range the panther sprang on it like lightning and held it down. In the ensuing rough and tumble the camel was thrown to the ground with the panther firmly astride its neck and at its throat.—Eds.]

### 3. UNRECORDED SOUNDS MADE BY TIGER AND WILD DOG

While sitting up over a tiger kill, on the night of the 12th, two tigers gave vent to a most unusual noise; a noise that I have, in fact, only three times previously heard tigers make; and that some twenty years ago. In those days I thought that one tiger was responsible for the noise; on each occasion the tiger was obviously suspicious and did not come to the kill, but made the noise 'off stage'. The sound commenced every time, with a perfect imitation of a locomotive suddenly letting off steam, lasting only about 4 or 5 seconds followed by a series of guttural 'chuckles' repeated from 60 to 80 times, not unlike the chuckles emitted by a hyaena. At night this sounds most eerie. In the recent case both tigers made the noise, one of them twice, and the other three times. Neither came to the kill, which had been moved a yard or two in order to secure it to a stump; and some undergrowth had had to be removed around it. This undoubtedly made the two tigers very suspicious. But whether the sounds described expressed their annoyance, or were in the nature of a warning to each other, or intended to be threatening to those who had interfered with their kill I could not say. Dunbar Brander, in his 'Wild Animals in Central India', describes how tigers will express pleasure by blowing air on to their lips which vibrates not unlike the noise made by horses through their nostrils, but this description in no way conveys the noise I heard. What Dunbar Brander thus describes is the tiger's 'purr'.

For the first time in my experience I heard, on the 15th instant, a lone wild dog make a noise which can best be described as similar to the 'Phecow' a jackal is known to utter often when a tiger approaches its kill the jackal is feeding on, so heralding the tiger's arrival. The noise was also not very unlike the shrill scream of the 'Devil Bird' heard at night in the forest. The wild dog (a large male) repeated the call several times, the cries being heard fainter as the dog went off along the jungle road. The first three or four cries sounded somewhat like a high-pitched human call, 'ow-o-o-o-o-oh', the final 'oh' on a lower note; but, later, the initial 'ow' appeared to be dropped.

My Sholaga shikaris told me that a wild dog separated from its mate would occasionally make the noise described. This is possibly correct, as there was evidence of a bitch (and cubs I think) some way off. The dog had approached a live bait (a goat) tied up for a panther at dusk, and had been driven off with stones flung from the machan!

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#### 4. WILD DOGS

The following is an extract from page 44 of the book 'Out of the Burma Night' (Hukawng Valley trek, 1942), by Capt. R. H. Gribble of the Burma Frontier Service, and it is quoted here as being likely to have some bearing on the subject of possible varieties of 'wild dog' existing in Burma; one cited as being 'black and white' by the writer of 'Jungle Memories' in the *Journal* of December 1949—with reference to a 'gray' one seen by himself; another, 'dark gray' as seen by myself in Burma, and about a dozen 'piebald' ones seen on the borders of Nepal and discussed under 'The Burma Wild Dog and Other Matters Canine' in the *Journal* of August 1950. The note that follows this extract is from my own recent experience in the Nilgiris, below the plateau.

'I was glad to halt again at Shaduzup' (about 40 miles west of Myitkyina, N. Burma). . . . this cheerful forest village, at the foot of which was a deep pool into which I slipped at every opportunity. . . . I happened to be sitting half in and half out of the water when I saw the head of an animal snarling at me from the opposite bank. As I watched I saw other creatures of the same kind moving in the undergrowth. Brindled in colour with long snout and tail I recognized them as a pack of wild hunting dog. Presently the dogs gathered in a bunch. They would raise their heads and bare their teeth. I called to my Kachin bearer to bring my gun from the rest-house just behind me, but by the time Ningu Nawng arrived with the gun, the dogs were moving along the bank on the other side and were out of range, and soon out of sight. Ningu told me that these ferocious dogs were terribly destructive, so much so that village livestock had to be carefully shut up each night under the houses. Woe betide any domestic animal that happened to get locked out at night.'

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2. One morning in last September I was sitting at the foot of the northern escarpment of the Nilgiri plateau, just above an old disused bridle-track that runs parallel with the lower contours and which is sometimes walked by a tiger. None had traversed it during the previous night, but the morning was cool and breezy under large white clouds; the wind, though shifty, was blowing for most of the time across the track towards me and up the slopes behind. My